

Von Tibor Revay

abz - Jan. 20, 1952

Part I.

Foreword:

In March 1938, during the days when the German Wehrmacht was crossing the Austrian border, a noteworthy career was beginning in a dim tavern in the Hungarian capital, Budapest.

This career led the actress Katalin Karady to the highest honors, to wealth and favor among all the leaders of Hungary. It earned for her the name of "Partisan of Love," until this name, in the last phase of her glory, gave way to the epithet "Red Star of Budapest's Professional Sky."

This career was inextricably bound up with the struggle and downfall of the old Hungary. It began with General Stefan Ujazaszi and advanced into the secret game of the agents active in the separation of Hungary from her allies during the waging of the war. This sensational career ended in the black smoke curtain of burning Budapest, on which the pitiless fire of the Russian artillery was falling, as well as in the murky background of those events which delivered the forces of the German General Friessner -- recently in the limelight again through the proceedings involving the soldiers' unions (Soldatenbünde ?) -- over to the armies of Tolbuchin and Malinowsky and the Hungarian people to Bolshevism. What role did Katalin Karady, who has recently fled westward through the Iron Curtain, play in all these events? Her role begins in Budapest with the words:

"Fräulein Katalin! Mademoiselle Katalin!" calls the headwaiter into the "dry" lobby where the ladies are sitting. The "mademoiselle" sounds somewhat ironical, but the girl with the halo of dark hair framing her pale, symmetrical features didn't catch the undertone. She rose, crushed out her cigarette: "Yes, Antal."

The headwaiter, somewhat conciliatory, says in his official voice: "Your presence is desired. ." and then, as she turns around, he bends his head nearer and whispers: "An important man."

"I'll be right there," nods Katalin Karady. She takes out her compact, looks in the mirror, and touches up her face a bit -- more from habit than from necessity. Then slipping the compact back into her purse, she swings smilingly into the loge at the left. At her entrance the guest, a broad, stately man, arises and with a smile utters the correctly amiable "Servus . ." which he had learned at the Vienna Neustädter Military Academy, back before World War I. But his nex

words stick in his throat as his gaze meets the blue-green flash from the iridescent eyes of Katalin.

We are chronicling the year 1938. The eyes of Europe were then turned toward little Austria. Adolf Hitler has summoned General von Reichenau from the Olympics Committee in Cairo; General von Schobert, the commander of the Munich defenses, has been brought to Berlin. The Austrian Chancellor receives alarming news from the border: rail communications are halted, customs stations closed. What will happen?

The last news which Schuschnigg, as Austrian Chancellor, received from outside, has come from his Consul General in Munich: The Munich garrison has mobilized . . . target Austria!

And on March 11, 1938, Hitler gave orders to set in motion the German Wehrmacht's "Plan Otto" . . . and the astonished dwellers along the German "Autobahne" witnessed on these highways the first military deployment of the German Wehrmacht since the re-introduction of compulsory military service.

At 6 p.m. Chancellor Schuschnigg withdrew from office and handed the government over to his successor, the attorney Seyss-Inquart. The new chancellor ordered that the advancing German forces be greeted as friends. From this hour Austria became part of the greater German Reich.

But it was not Schuschnigg or Seyss-Inquart who drew the eyes of Europe toward the events in Austria. In order to observe the first military deployment of the German Wehrmacht, to witness the first mobilization of the German Panzer divisions and motorized battle forces, countless official, officious and . . secret observers hastened from everywhere to Austria or her borders. They came to their cost, for as the torchlight parade started in Vienna flickered out, because the

German troops had not yet arrived, the news concerning the reasons for the delay spread with lightning speed! What happened? The motorized German war machine had, on this spring day of the year 1938, only barely passed its first mobilization test. Despite perfect weather and road conditions the columns came to a standstill almost in the vicinity of Linz; the streets were blocked with stalled vehicles, the motor artillery, after continuous accidents, couldn't move from the spot, and the light Panzers (tanks) of General Guderian were caught in the confusion, unable to free themselves to move forward under their own power.

Adolf Hitler foamed with rage over the failure of his military apparatus; at this point the seeds were sown for his later quarrels with his generals. For the parade in Vienna on Sunday, the 13th of March, the tanks had to be towed through the streets . . it was the only way they could get to Vienna in time. What opportunities for the agents of all the armies to learn the strengths and weaknesses of the German Wehrmacht!

As the best place to carry on espionage against Germany, the Hungarian capital had at that time much to recommend it; Budapest, two hours by railway from the border, bound by a thousand personal ties to Vienna, was from that time on the natural relay point for all the spies, agents and observers, who were interested in the happenings in Germany. Automatically followed the growth of the Hungarian espionage and counter-espionage; now was the time to let a new net appear to be drawn around the "secret front." Of course, such a net could not be woven in the Leopoldstadt or in the St. Gellert Hotel or Margaret Island. It must be contrived where the faceless men and the girls with false faces fished in troubled waters . . . in the "Moulin Rouges" and the "Texas Bars" and even deeper down in the Séparées and cellar dives

on the side streets around the Bahnhöfe.

And here, on this historic day, in the lobby of a Budapest "Lokal" between the Oktegon and Westbahnhof, began the career of the "Partisan of Love"; for the man, who on this evening and from this day on is to be under the spell of the blue-green eyes of Katalin Karady, in none other than the colonel of the Hungarian Counter-espionage, Stefan (Hungarian: Istvan) Ujszaszy!

Even after a few moments of being with him, Katalin Karady knew that the guest had not come for the purpose of making her acquaintance for a trifling adventure! For while she impatiently and somewhat at a loss listened to his first gallant words, she understood something else: this tough-blooded grown man blushed like a little boy when she looked at him; he was embarrassed when their hands touched. Katalin was experienced enough to notice this and also experienced enough not to call attention to it. But she thought uneasily: "What is this? Does he want something or is he giving me the runaround?"

When she left the establishment late at night, or rather early in the morning, to go to her room on Poszony Street . . . she had learned what the guest wanted. They had conversed for hours; but then Colonel Ujszaszy said: "You know what to do," and suddenly he stood up. "I have told you everything. . . don't give me your answer now . . I'll wait for you . ." And then he vanished as he had appeared, and Antal, the headwaiter, was in the room, weasel-like and unobtrusive as ever, saying with that watchful energy: "You look pale, Katalin. . . go home now. Colonel Ujszaszy already knows what he wants to know."

Then she knew that Antal was also a party to it.

When she reached her room on Poszony Street, she re-counted the two hundred pengő he had given her - a lot of money. She had said when he offered it, "I already know what you want, but I don't want to be

jittery with worry all the time, and I don't need your money. . ."

And the colonel tossed the money back . .

"You are a woman of great style," Ujszaszy said. A woman of great style! no one had told her that before, what a fine sound it had! Then came the real bait: "You lack only a good start . . which I am offering you!"

Nothing, nothing but a career . . wasn't that what she had always wanted? Wasn't she truly a woman of great style?

In the exciting span of this moment, while the first sounds of the awakening city came through the window from the street, a trite little phrase hummed through the beautiful head of Katalin Karady ". . the moment of decision!" She no longer thought of the colonel and his money; the great thing was that the irregular life in these cabarets could come to an end, that there was a chance for something beyond.

So on that day when the face of Europe began to change, the little Budapest night-club singer Katalin Karady began too to change her face. It was truly a decisive moment when Katalin Karady, late in the afternoon, left her room to seek the cabaret near the Westbahnhof. She didn't have far to go, but she went first for a bit toward the Danube as far as the Ketten Bridge, then turned to make her way through the bustling traffic of Andrassy Street. She did not know in what straits she would be taking the same route seven years later, for she did not know the outcome of the affair. But she had decided to take the way offered, to leave at last the notorious night-spots of the Hungarian capital, where she had to sell her little songs for a few pengö.....

The Budapest air in spring is soft as silk, both mild and exciting. Slowly the soft dusk settled over the roofs; Andrassy Street teemed with the evening crowds, seeking recreation in the cheerful waves of idle promenaders. Katalin Karady was aware of the glances of hungry-

eyed young men, challenging glances, such as lovely women encounter, or accidental, almost furtive ones. This no longer bothered her; since yesterday something new had been born in her. Burning ambition drove her, hardness, resolution. . . she knew, even if Ujszaszy did not come this evening, she was entering the place for the last time.

In a few minutes she stands before the Café Abbazia on the Oktogon. Suddenly she gives a start, for she senses that she is being observed. In confusion she looks for the source of this scrutiny. Automobiles honk, streetcars clang, the red, blue and green neon signs blaze forth, and all along Andrassy Street the yellow arc lamps light up the dusk. On the corner a monotonous voice calls out the names of the evening papers . . . and from that direction someone is staring, unswervingly, without moving. . .

She leaves her place on the Oktogon and turns into the Ring. Katalin breathes deeply the silky air, and stops again before a café. Again she encounters the stare. . . and now the man shuffles nearer, a thick-set, weatherbeaten figure with a coarse, hard face like a clod, with intelligent, fanatic eyes . . .

She knows the man! it comes over her suddenly. But from where? Fearfully she examines him more closely, while he slips nearer, and as he passes he murmurs: "Servus, Katalin. . ."

She recognizes the voice! The dialect of the Seven Hills! It is Laszlo Rajk, the bird of passage of the world revolution. . . how did he get here? She takes a quick look, and then goes determinedly forward and stands in front of the display-window of a drugstore. Like a shadow the other stands near her:

"Do you have any money, Katalin?"

"Where have you come from?"

"Spain. ." murmurs the shadow. "Rákóczi Brigade." Spain . . Rákóczi Brigade. . these mean nothing to Katalin. But that here is someone in flight, she knows with that alert sixth sense that is shared by all the outcasts of this life. She reaches in her pocket, where the two hundred pengö she has got from Ujszaszy nestle.

"How far should it take you?"

"Moscow," whispers the shadow.

Moscow. . Katalin is startled; so that's it! But she hesitates only an instant; she comes from the Siebenbürgen - the Seven Hills - too, and in a split second the earnest money of the Hungarian Central Security slides into the hand of the Communist leader who is sought by that same Central Security agency.

On this day Katalin Karady for the first time began to know the value of close-mouthed contacts. Ujszaszy later became the head of the State Central Security (Staatssicherheitszentrale), and he pursued this career as the bitter enemy of the Hungarian Leftist parties, by whom he was known as the "best hated" man, because of his brutal third-degree methods.

Laszlo Rajk was originally a gymnasium professor, who had left his post because of his communist bent and had gone to Spain to fight against Franco in the international "Rákóczi" Brigade. After the defeat of the Reds and Franco's victory Rajk fled across Hungary to Moscow, where he was schooled for later tasks in Hungary. And Katalin, in the subsequent light of world events, was to meet up with these "tasks."

But it was on this spring day in Budapest, without the knowledge of either, that these two men first entered into relation with each other,

knowing each other only through hearsay. Seven years later, when they came together again, each knew enough about the other before they had dealings directly, and they knew to whom they owed this fact, for their go-between was Katalin Karady. In truth, she is then no longer the obscure girl from the Westbahnhof; she is the great "Partisan" of Love," the designation under which the lovely Katalin will be known in the history of the death struggle of the Crown of Stephen.

"You're an angel," says Rajk; his eyes glide over Katalin's figure like any man's eyes. But she shakes her head:

"O.K., Laszlo, and so long, servus .. be careful!" She makes a motion toward two policemen, patrolling their beat through Budapest together. He feels the touch of her hand, small, dry, cool, and starts to say something, but is already swallowed up in the crush of people and objects.

Someone jostles Katalin, she goes quickly, and the darkness gets deeper over the bend in the street as she cuts across. Then she hears the brassy gypsy music from their "dens," and as she breathlessly enters the "second on the left," "he" is already there. Her heart pounds. . if he only knew whom she had just met, she thinks, and at the same time, if the other one only knew who was waiting for her this evening. . .

But she is decided, resolute, and when Ujszaszy smilingly asks, "Have you thought it over?" she says, "Yes. . yes."

Again Ujszaszy nods; he thinks he knows women, so he can nod. . he bends forward; and what the colonel outlines to the woman, what they both discuss, calmly on his part and hectically on hers, in her answering speeches, no one knows and no one will ever know. For whether Ujszaszy later in Siberia remembers these words, no one can judge; and surely Katalin can have no interest in remembering this moment, in which her "discovery" was planned.

Later she became Ujszaszy's mistress, but by that time the colonel of 1938 has long been a general and the most powerful man in Budapest. Katalin's transformation comes about quickly; as she leaves the dubious establishment by the Westbahnhof for the last time, after this talk, she has changed her name. Now she is known to the police . . as Greta Varga.

This debut of Greta Varga begins in the Honved barracks on the Burgberg, a debut which is to lead her to the heights of Budapest society, until she rises as the red star in the professional heaven of Bolshevik Hungary and is suddenly extinguished. Budapest society is still based on the old landed nobility, which rallies around the legend of the Crown of Stephen. Alongside this, or rather in addition to it, the merchant and manufacturing class, at the beginning of industrialization, had joined socially, their joined wealth bringing needed relief to social affairs. For both these distinct circles the officer corps furnished the shine and glitter, and anyone stemming from this group was unquestioningly accepted into the best society.

So it was a clever move to let the rise of Katalin Karady begin from a Budapest officers' barracks. Her voice was neither extensive in range nor trained, but it possessed such a timbre as was in favor in the era between the two world wars in cabarets and talking movies. When she had sung a few songs/at an affair at the officers' club in the Honved barracks, she was, so to speak, "discovered" over night by the young Honved officers. Of a sudden no social gathering in Budapest was complete without Katalin Karady. Cultivated, with an interesting type of beauty, she was the hit of that light-hearted café society, whose characteristic instrument was the saxophone. Snobbish young scions of magnates, pseudo-aristocratic nouveau riche and foreign diplomats gathered

the news, the secrets which meant the foundation of her new life. She decided not to give herself cheaply; but she made her position assured of the highest protection by several affaires du coeur, taking care that these liaisons were bruited about. Ujszaszy followed her career from the background, but he felt himself neglected, even almost forgotten, when Katalin, at a party, made the acquaintance of the owner of a Budapest theatrical publication. Bewitched by the woman, this publisher introduced his idolized one into the film world; here she met the most renowned playwright of Budapest, Ludwig Zilahy, and without hesitation she left the publisher. Now Ludwig Zilahy became the second springboard of her career.

This gifted author, who has recently earned a great following in the United States with his novel "The Dukays," wanted desperately to secure the beautiful creature by his side forever. At heart he knew she had no talent, for Katalin was not meant to be a great artist. But when he made one of his best novels into a film scenario in which Katalin Karady played the stellar role, he smoothed her path toward a great future. For in this scenario there was a song which suited the timbre of Katalin's voice, written for her by the composer Tibor Polgar . . . and with this song Katalin won over Budapest. Before long all Hungary was singing this song. Now the way to a radio career was open; Zilahy's love had removed all obstacles from her path.

At the height of her fame, with wealth at her disposal such as she had never dreamed of, the beautiful woman could have been satisfied with the position to which chance, luck, ambition and love had brought her. But the star of her destiny abruptly led her to the younger son of Regent Horthy. . . and thereupon the lovely Hungarian unwittingly entered upon the uncertain path of contemporary politics.

(To be continued)

1. The Hungarian radio singer Katalin Karady is the focal point of our series "The Partisan of Love," in which our Hungarian authority tells of the dual political activities of this woman. She was known as the Hungarian "Rita Hayworth" when she rose, under the Bolshevik regime, to highest political honors. She owed her unique position in the realm of Hungarian Soviet art to her activity as a partisan of the Soviets, as will be related in our report. When the old Hungary capitulated under the hail of the attacking Red Army's artillery, Katalin Karady made history. Early this year she fled from Hungary; did those in power want to do away with one who shared countless underground secrets? Her flight was made possible, it is said, by the help of Soviet Russian officers, for she succeeded in doing what hundreds of others died in attempting: she crossed unharmed six kilometers of mined and guarded territory of the no man's land between Hungary and Austria.
2. Budapest was known as one of the most beautiful cities of the world by all those who knew the city before it was half destroyed in 1945. The Danube dominates the picture of this city. Numerous stately buildings on both banks gave the quays of the Danube the appearance of modern Hungary. In our picture one is looking out from the Burgberg, bordered by numerous baroque palaces, toward the Parliament buildings (right) and the famed Margaret Island (left). Today Budapest no longer belongs to the circles of Western culture.

Von Tibor Revay

abz - Jan. 27, 1952

Part 1 (continued)

In one of the mysterious night-spots by the Budapest Westbahnhof the career of the actress and singer Katalin Karady began. When she shortly before the start of the war became an agent of the Hungarian Secret Service, this proved to be the real stepping stone to the high salons of politics. Suddenly Katalin Karady became the feted star of Hungarian culture; artists, wealthy patrons of art, and the figures of high European politics mingled in her salons. Karady became one of the chief string-pullers of the underground politics which, from Moscow and New York, undermined the Axis' conduct of the war. Into her charmed circle came the leader of the Hungarian Counter Espionage Service, Ujszaszy, the renowned novelist and playwright Ludwig Zilahy, and finally the youngest son of the Hungarian Regent, Miklos (Nikolaus) von Horthy. Another friend of hers, from her home district, was the Communist leader Laszlo Rajk, whom she helped on his flight to Moscow with Ujszaszy's money.

Indeed Nikolaus von Horthy the younger had little or no knowledge of the ways of politics; for this very reason he was a perfect tool in the hands of real politicians for aims of which he himself knew nothing. Horthy the younger belonged to those young wastrels for whom the Hungarian people had little use . . if one excepts the owners of night clubs, where Horthy junior was in the habit of tossing money around with a free hand. It is possible that Horthy knew the fair Katalin from her days as a night club singer . . it is quite possible; however, there is no proof of this, for both have been silent about the origin of their acquaintance, which possibly started in that period before the war when Horthy junior, because of numerous affairs, had temporarily to leave the country.

Katalin for some time had no longer been living in the petit bourgeois Poszony Street. Later she was to live in a villa on the Pasareter Street in Buda; but at the time of this acquaintance she had a fine apartment in the Hotel Ritz . . two beautiful rooms with bath, foyer and balcony, near the Danube, at forty-eight pengö per day. When Ujszaszi learned of her acquaintance with young Horthy he had her again put under observation, and it is from one of these

observers that we get the description of the scene in the hotel pool, which was later to prove to be most significant.

Budapest's high society used to rendezvous at the pool of the St. Gellert Hotel. Ujszaszy's observer reported: ."now Katalin Karady climbs over the railing, poises on the edge over the deep water, and takes a header. She is wearing a red bathing suit and cap and gleams in the sunlight, in the blue water, the sparkling air; her face is clear and young, her black hair shines and her black eyes glow. Slowly she raises her arms with a wide movement . . . her body swings in a free arc into the water. A hundred pairs of eyes follow her, and a great blue-green wave carries her through the water. . . the same wave suddenly brings her into contact with a man. His arm touches her shoulder, she turns around, their heads are opposite each other. The strange man speaks a few words, which could be an apology but which may well be something else. Katalin is startled only for a moment, then she nods imperceptibly and leaves the water at once. . ." She lunches with young Horthy by the pool, and in the afternoon they go to Gödöllő . . . and in the evening?

We are now in that short period in the year 1939, between Hitler's march on Prague and the imminent warlike steps against Poland, with all the world in a state of nervous tension. After the Munich conference, which had decided the fate of the Sudetenland, Adolf Hitler was at the peak of his power. Exactly twenty years after the downfall of the Kaiser's empire he had succeeded in doing what no German and none of his opponents would have believed possible. Hitler had "brought home" ten million Germans who lived outside the borders, and had thus forged a great political power for the Reich . . . forming a new threat to the peace of Europe.

Already by the twenty-first of October, 1938, the German Wehrmacht had made the secret decision to be ready at any time to march against Bohemia and Moravia. Now Hitler was waiting for a suitable opportunity, when in March of 1939 a dissension in internal politics in the rest of Czechoslovakia put the trumps in his hand. On the 10th of March the Czech State-President Hacha discharged the Slovakian Minister-President Tiso. The latter went to Berlin and sought the protection of the German Reich. Now Hacha was also invited to Berlin and here persuaded to put his signature to a state treaty, which liquidated Czechoslovakia and created the "Bohemian-Moravian Protectorate." With this negotiation the question of war or peace in Europe was decided; the great powers of the world backed away from Hitler, and from London an extraordinarily active diplomatic furor was set in motion. Thus Poland in July of 1939 received the British guarantee; on the other hand, the British-Russian negotiations had come to a standstill in the middle of June . . . and at the same time the German-Russian counter-moves had begun. Already by the 13th of April, on a Sunday, Stalin had surprisingly appeared at the departure of the Japanese Foreign Minister Matsuoka from the Kasan (?) Station in Moscow; he had laid his arm across the shoulder of the German military attaché von Krebs and uttered the words which were to become famous: "We'll always remain friends, won't we?" So Europe became a powder-keg; the smallest spark would suffice to set off the explosion. Suddenly on the 15th of April the American President Roosevelt took a hand in European events with a personal message to Hitler; when Hitler two weeks later recalled the non-aggression pact with Poland, the fronts of the coming conflict began to be defined. Between and through these two fronts the news services (information services) of all the powers began their secret game; the American Colonel Donovan dispatched an

American security commission to Europe, and one of his most polished agents appeared in that summer of 1939 at the pool of the Gellert Hotel in Budapest, to pick up a "chance" acquaintanceship with Katalin Karady.

From the balcony of the Danube side of the hotel one can see out over the brightly-lit river. Lights on the Franz Josef Quay, lights on the water. The Citadel and the Fischerbastei and the Coronation Church gleam in the reflections. Yellow lights glow on the slopes of Buda's hills. Suddenly there is a deep long-drawn-out whistle from the water, and slowly and almost silently a lighted ship goes by. Peace is still with us, the lights still burn in Europe. .

"Beautiful," says the visitor to the lady on the balcony. "Truly beautiful."

"Yes, Budapest is a lovely city," answers Katalin Karady. There is a slight impatience in her voice; surely this man didn't come here to babble about the romantic beauty of the Hungarian capital.

The cigarettes of the two people gleam in the darkness, two small red points from two motionless shadows.

"Almost like a stage-setting," remarks the visitor. He speaks German, but not the soft German of the Hungarian, rather his accent is strange and Anglo-Saxon.

"We all have a stage-set before us," answers the woman impatiently, "and we hardly know when the scene will shift."

The visitor is silent for a moment; it is quite still, and one hears from the roof the blasts of the jazz band. Then the two glowing cigarette points draw nearer together; a chance passerby would think that here was a pair of lovers . . . but it is indeed a strange sort of lover's oath the pair have to communicate to each other.

Noel Field is the name of this mysterious visitor, who after the meeting in the Gellert pool has also taken a room at the "Ritz." Noel Field travels through Europe for the "Unitarian Service Committee." (The Unitarians form a sect who consider Christianity a set of rules for living, without accepting Christian dogma. They are organized chiefly in English-speaking countries.) Secretary of the Unitarian Committee, that is Field's official position; he took the post when, in his middle thirties, he left the American "State Department" (Foreign Office). Secretary of the Unitarian Committee . . . that is a post with far-reaching international connections, and this circumstance has special significance for what Field is seeking. The necessary trips, the connections, which he undertakes, serve admirably his true purpose: Noel Field is the head contact man for the American secret service; he has begun to track down the intricate and invisible lines of the Bolshevik underground work, in order to enlist agents among the destitute emigrants all over the world, as well as to gather information concerning Soviet espionage.

Field did his work admirably. He has set up his headquarters in Geneva; from here he directs his activities. Moscow is about to enter into a pact with Hitler; agents are needed in all the countries which presumably will take sides with Hitler or who know the score with regard to Soviet Russia. So it is best to pretend to be an ideal party member of the Bolsheviks. Field had already done that with success, when he worked in the middle of 1935 with Alger Hiss . . . that young State Department official who was an advisor of Roosevelt at the Yalta Conference and who in 1950 was sentenced to five years' imprisonment because he had furnished the Soviets with secret documents.

Has Noel Field come to Budapest to organize the resistance against the Axis . . . or is he tying together threads for later allies in

Moscow? We don't know with any certainty; but the Bolsheviks will later accuse Field of having, even before the outbreak of World War II, been preparing for World War III. Did Field have this in mind, or did he only care about constructing a network which would be prepared for any events of history? If Field wanted that, his work was accompanied by the greatest success. He finds in Katalin Karady an agent who will unscrupulously forward this alliance a few years later during the fatally decisive hours of Hungary and Germany. Field did not need to be sparing with money. Everyone knows that "benevolent American organizations" have unlimited means at their disposal. . .

Was the scene set on this evening, as the cigarettes glowed? Katalin Karady was now in an element in which she felt really at home; despite her lack of talent she had become a famous actress, she was "in" with the cream of feudal Hungarian society, and she had both feet firmly planted in political life, where it was most dangerous: in the Underground! Was it really so dangerous? Certainly not, if one knew how to play on both sides at once; wasn't Noel Field also a supposed agent of Moscow . . . while he was in reality an agent of U.S. Espionage Chief Allan W. Dulles in Zürich?

Noel Field had long departed from Budapest, when the seed which he had sown sprang up with surprising speed. The information services of Germany and Hungary had for years worked very closely together; Germany availed itself of the Hungarian results in the Balkans, and Budapest took part in the worldwide conspiracy fabricated from the Tirpitzufer in Berlin. The leader of the German security, Admiral Canaris, was often in Hungary; as usual a hunting party served as a cloak to political contacts. The cannon have already spoken in

Poland, and Warsaw has already been taken by German troops, when Canaris visits Budapest in order to talk over the value of information received from Warsaw. We are writing of October, 1939; Ujszaszi congratulates Canaris on the victory of German arms.

Then the German admiral answers meditatively: "Do you know, we have already lost the war."

Ujszaszi is completely taken aback! He mentions the remark of the German security chief when he meets Katalin Karady with young Horthy. Young Horthy laughs. Like much of Hungarian society, he is inclined to be Anglophile. But he will laugh desperately later when the ground collapses from under the state. . . Meanwhile Katalin listens attentively, and less than twenty-four hours later they know in Zürich what Canaris had said in Hungary!

Life in Budapest still pursues a peacetime course; Hungary is not yet in the war, and the frivolous still rendezvous in the Gellert or on Margaret Island to flirt and dance to the record of Katalin's song. They affect English airs, and the "Lambeth Walk" is popular.

"Who is that?" ask the guests on the little seats under the colored lanterns.

"Ilonka from the Opera with a textile manufacturer."

"Nonsense! Don't you know who that is? The Karady . . and the man nearby . . that's Istvan Ujszaszi from the Central Security . . Be careful!"

Since Hitler's advent to power Hungarian politics had moved in the current of German politics, and the friendly relations between the two countries were represented by numerous personalities. In Budapest Admiral Horthy himself led the group, and in Berlin the Hungarian ambassador, General Stojai.

But the first difficulties in this relationship began to appear, when Germany in the spring of 1941 began political preparations for the Balkan campaign as preparation for military operations. Hungary shortly before this had concluded a treaty of friendship with Jugoslavia; but in the hope of regaining lost territories, Horthy did not hesitate to bring this easy prey over to the side of Germany. Then the Hungarian Minister-President Count Teleki shot himself, when ordered by Horthy to mobilize; and thus for the first time appeared the crack which was to widen into a rift between the allies.

Horthy played a quite similar role in the matter of the attack on Soviet Russia. The participation of Hungary in this war was the personal work of the Regent; he knew, so he assured Hitler repeatedly, like no one else, for he had experienced the dictatorship of Béla Kun (Communist dictator in Hungary in 1920 after the first World War). Before the outbreak of the conflict Horthy had repeatedly sent Hitler important information and warnings concerning Soviet preparations as well as the deployment of the Red Army along the borders; the second division of the Honved General Staff furnished Horthy with this information, and thus the Hungarian Abwehr, which on its part leaned heavily on the cooperation of Ujszaszi. For Istvan Ujszaszi was the special confidant of Horthy; whereas the confidante who informed Ujszaszi and who forwarded her career by means of her information service, was none other than Katalin Karady.

Where did Katalin Karady get that information which she passed on to Ujszaszi and which arrived by means of Horthy directly to the head of the mightiest war machine of the time, Adolf Hitler? The ambitious singer had long ago reached a new high point in her career. Forgotten

were the artists who had smoothed her path, Lajos Zilahy and Tibor Polgar; Mars was in the ascendant, and a scion of the war-god was now her professed idol. It was General Ujszaszi himself, who, at the peak of his life, and in possession of all the powers which Horthy's favor and the leadership of the Central Security conferred upon him, cast aside all considerations of the past and - of her past.

Ujszaszi had enough money to finance the close relationship into which he finally entered with Katalin Karady. This woman, who once had to sell her songs for a few pengö in the dim taverns of the Hungarian capital, seemed, with the extravagance which she now displayed, to want to take revenge on life for the discomforts of those years. The feudal Ritz Hotel no longer sufficed her needs; as head agent of the Central Security she furnished a princely villa for herself. In the best quarter of Buda, on Pasareter Street, she occupied one of the finest of the one-family villas in the Hungarian capital; here she received Ujszaszi and here she gave the parties which soon became a meeting place for the political and artistic world of contemporary Hungary. Here she held the first secret meetings with the envoys from the Western world . . . and with those persons from the Communist underground movement who were tolerated in Hungary. In the history of espionage or treason the double role which Katalin Karady played during those years is exceeded only by the genius of Tallyrand.
(sic)

But is it still a double role? Since November of 1941/America has been on the side of Russia in the war against Germany, and the activity which Karady set in motion, the alliances which she established, serve a common goal of two allies and no longer the divergent aims of divided worlds. Or . . . is what Karady did in those years already aimed at the time after the war? Does she already know, can she know, that

one day her alliance with the other side of the Soviets will be known . . . and will give rise to certain events? But . . do the Soviets at that time not yet know that Noel Field, the big-hearted patron of all Communist refugees, is not a Communist, but an American espionage agent?

In January of 1943 the catastrophe of Stalingrad was visible evidence to all the world of a change in the direction of the war; already in November of 1942 the Americans had landed in North Africa. On one of those dark February days in the year 1943 Ujszaszi enters thoughtfully in the garden of the feudal villa in the Pasareter Street. He was accustomed to enter the house through the back entrance in the basement; thus he was often able to come upstairs unobserved by the servants. On this occasion he considered this particularly important.

As always in such affairs there is no doubt which one loves the more strongly; Ujszaszi, who has been infatuated with the woman from the beginning of his acquaintance with her, will have to pay two years later most disastrously for his dependence upon her. He thinks he knows Katalin Karady, but in truth he knows only the emotions of passion which she enacts for him. But the woman, the singer and actress, knows each expression of his face as the sailor knows the sea; she can read him inside out, everything she wants to know. And she knows on this day that something ^{special}/has happened when Ujszaszi enters the salon with the high white windows, where Katalin is listening to a radio report from the London broadcast; for a knowledge of the broadcasts of the London wireless is a hallmark of all Germany's opponents, and it is considered good form among Budapest socialites to trust the London wireless. But Katalin pretends to notice nothing; she places coffee before Ujszaszi, prepares some sandwiches, sends out for a glass of

almost un procurable French cognac, and settles herself enticingly on the couch. Silent, waiting . . .

In the face of her silence Ujszaszi begins to speak:

"We have been in this war a year and a half now," he says.

She interrupts him: "A year and a half? Hungary is suffering as though there had been seven years of war!"

Ujszaszi started so suddenly that she did not finish expressing her thoughts. He exclaimed: "That's the second time today that someone has said something like that. . . I haven't even begun the war yet!"

"But perhaps you can end it? The man who knows how to end the war could be Regent some day!"

"Regent?" He looked at her in astonishment. "It was the Regent, Horthy himself, who appealed to me today. . ."

Now it is she who is startled, all attention: "Horthy?"

"He thought it would be necessary, by some means or other, to establish contact with the Western powers."

"And you should find the way to do that?"

Ujszaszi nods: "Yes, together with Kadar." (Colonel Kadar, leader of the second division of the Hungarian General Staff-Abwehr.)

Katalin considers feverishly; it's only a matter of split seconds that these thoughts fly through her mind, put themselves in order, collect themselves. . . it can wait no longer!

Ujszaszi must have no suspicion; what she says must sound as though it were born on the instant. The strain of pitiless concentration makes her features hard, cruel; Ujszaszi notices this in astonishment, for he has never before seen her thus, and unwittingly he helps her gain time, as he bends toward her:

"What's the matter? You look so different all of a sudden. . ."

"It is deep sorrow for Hungary." Thus she plays her role, while she quickly and secretly unfolds her thoughts, a great idea . . . Aloud she continues: "There is nothing more to hope for since the catastrophe of the First Hungarian Army at the Don."

"It was the inefficiency of General Miklós-Dalnoki!"

"No one believes it. Miklós-Dalnoki has received the Knight's Cross (Ritterkreuz) from Hitler."

Ujszászi makes a disparaging gesture, and she propitiates him: "It doesn't make any difference now. But something else does make a difference. . ."

Her thoughts have ordered themselves, the decision is made, and she looks at Ujszászi freely and resolutely.

"What do you mean?"

"Does Horthy really plan an alliance with the Western powers?"

Ujszászi nods: "I will try it. Only the Abwehr can do such a thing without attracting attention."

"And . . . further?"

"What further?" He looks at her questioningly, naive; but the woman answers him with deadly earnestness:

"Further? Why not also alliance with . . Moscow?"

"With Moscow?" He is startled. "Horthy didn't mention that!"

"So much the better," exclaims the woman. "So much the better!" Do it on your own . . it is the best thing you can do!"

Ujszászi is silent; the chief of the Central Security at this instant sees in his mind's eye the long ranks of party members who at his command have been arrested, "taken," imprisoned. He shudders . .

Moscow! But the woman persists:

"How does it concern Horthy? Who knows how much longer he will be Regent? And who will get to Hungary first . . . the Americans or the Russians?"

That is an argument which possesses weight: Moscow will get to Budapest more quickly!

"Even if one wanted to," he begins slowly, "the Communists would not accept me . . ."

"Not you?" she exclaims. "Not you? Why not? Didn't you exchange Matyas Rákóczy for a pair of Hungarian banners? (Matyas Rákóczy, formerly named Roth, but who put aside the famous Hungarian name in order to conceal his ancestry, was sentenced to death because of his participation in the murders during the Communist regime in Hungary in 1924, and then reprieved to lifelong imprisonment. He was in prison from 1924 to 1940, and then, as a token of the friendship between Moscow and the Axis, he was exchanged for some Hungarian banners which had been taken to Moscow in 1848 by a Russian expeditionary corps. Today, since the liquidation of Laszlo Rajk, Rákóczy is the most powerful leader in Hungary.) Well . . . do you think this will be forgotten? And then there is still Laszlo Rajk. . . "

She has played her strongest trump. Now she is silent, watching the effect. Laszlo Rajk . . . that is a name to conjure with!

In fact, the man is considering; and he is already ninety per cent won over when he answers: "Laszlo Rajk . . . yes, if he were here, in Budapest!"

Karady is at no loss for an answer. . . she is firmly resolved, and she knows what will happen; She knows it with clear-seeing certainty

on this day, in this hour, when she inwardly changes sides and goes over from the Royal-Hungarian General Ujszaszi to the General of the Red Spanish Brigade Laszlo Rajk . .

"What's to hinder you," she asks with barely restrained excitement, "what's to hinder you from having the man come here?"

(To be continued)

Captions

Page 6, 1. Miklos Horthy, second son of the Hungarian Regent, after the death of his older brother during the war, pushed himself into the foreground of Hungarian politics. He transferred his field of activity from the Budapest bars to the salons of European politics, and tried, quite clumsily, to lead the way in the separation of Hungary from the Axis.

2. The St. Gellert Hotel in Budapest was internationally famous. Budapest is a city of baths with countless hot springs; and the Gellert Hotel was built over the most powerful of these, uniting the comfort of the hotel with the luxury of a thermal swimming pool. The fascinating picture of Budapest by night no longer exists; with many other magnificent buildings the Gellert Hotel fell as a victim of the Russian attack.

Page 9. Noel Field, agent of the American secret service, disappeared in 1949, without a trace, in Pressburg on a trip through Czechoslovakia. Kadady's flight from Hungary followed, after this contact man with America was "shown up." A later installment reports the circumstances of this and other matters.

"abz"

Partisan der Liebe
"The Partisan of Love" - Part 2 (continued)

(The Actress Katalin Karady and Hungary's Collapse in World War II)
by Tibor Revay

Ujzsaszi,

When the chief of the Hungarian Security Service met Katalin Karady in a gay cabaret in the Budapest Westbahnhof district, he did not foresee that he would be sacrificed to a double political game. He smoothed the way for her openly, but as his first agent and sweetheart she herself found the secret channels to the Western allies as well as to the Communist underground movement. And when Horthy after the fall of the Eastern front secretly sought to change sides, the now famous radio singer had already woven the threads of a net which would make an alliance with the West an illusion and would deliver Hungary over to Bolshevism.

When Katalin Karady, in her conversations with Ujzsaszi, spoke in favor of the secret alliance of Hungary with her opponents in the war, her secret relations with both sides may have had influence in that direction. Yet in these talks, in the course of which this woman pleaded that Hungary was tired of war, she expressed in fact a widespread wish of the populace.

There is indeed no doubt that Horthy himself wanted Hungary to take part in the war against the Soviet Union; there is just as little doubt that the Hungarian people and especially the army greeted the war. But the Hungarians are enthusiastic in beginning an undertaking; staying power is not their long suit. The Hungarian forces in Russia suffered severe setbacks; the catastrophe of the First Hungarian Army on the Don was to be traced back both to the failure of its commander, General Miklos-Dalnoki, and to corruption and sins of omission. When, after Stalingrad, the possibility of a negative outcome loomed on the horizon, certain circles gained the upper hand which wanted Hungary to pull out of the war as soon as possible: the nobility, the diplomats, the big business world. So Prime Minister von Kallay and, behind the scenes, the former long-time Prime Minister Count Bethlen, sought contact with the Western allies. The alliance was sought through the Hungarian embassies in Stockholm and Ankara . . . but it was sought at the same time through the secret lines which Katalin Karady possessed through Noel Field at the headquarters of the American OSS in Bern.

There is no denying the skill with which the actress proceeded, becoming in the meantime the most valuable agent of the State Central Security (Staatssicherheitszentrale). The attempt of the Hungarian embassies to contact the Western allies produced no tangible result. Churchill indeed seems to have been acquainted with the Hungarian attempts to change sides, but the Hungarian negotiators did not succeed in obtaining a firm understanding with the Western powers; the latter held, contrary to all Hungary's expectations, very strictly to the Casablanca formula for the unconditional surrender of Germany and its allies. Then this woman's ingenuity succeeded in getting the first reaction from the side of the Western allies: the Bern office of the OSS sent an answer . . .

Ujszaszi's office was in Nadorstrasse; here, in the immediate neighborhood of Parliament, of a number of ministries, of the bustling wharves of the Danube, and in the center of Pest's most populous area, was the seat of the Staatssicherheitszentrale. Here one day arrives a coded telegram. Almost a year has gone by since the first attempts at an alliance with the opponents began; the year 1943 has gone by, Mussolini has been arrested and freed again, Italy has gone over to the Allies, Tito is gaining ground in Jugoslavia, the Russian armies have reached Smolensk, Kiev and Shitomir. Ujszaszi weighs the telegram in his hand before he releases it for decoding. This man who has built up his career because he agreed to, urged, forwarded the alliance of Hungary with the German Reich, who on this basis holds his job as a trusted associate of Horthy, who relies on him . . . does this man in this hour foresee anything of the end that will be his lot after the betrayal? . . An end, against which neither his change of front, nor the friendship of the woman who had swept away his hesitations about this change, could protect him?

Ujszaszi was on the point of becoming officially engaged to Katalin Karady; he no longer had any will of his own when in her presence. Budapest society turned up its nose as the affair was bruited about; but Katalin Karady turned up her nose at Budapest society. Anyway, was there still any Budapest society? The war and especially

war's restrictions, had disrupted Budapest society; the Hotel Gellert, the brilliant social focal point of the Hungarian capital, had become a hospital. Anyone who had land went to the country . . . anyone with connections in neutral countries had long since fled from his own country, toward whose protecting walls the armies of the Red Revolution were approaching. Soon Tolbuchin would be at the Carpathians.

This is the psychological climate of Budapest at the moment when Ujszaszi holds in his hand the telegram in which an American colonel presents himself as partner in negotiations and declares himself ready to fly from Switzerland to Hungary, in order to discuss further developments. An American colonel! America . . . is that the salvation of Hungary from Tolbuchin's army?

In the evening of this day at the beginning of the year 1944, when a day of war, like many others, has come to an end in Budapest, those privy to these plans meet in Katalin Karady's villa, a small circle: Katalin, her future fiance Ujszaszi; Colonel Kadar, leader of the special military guard, and Miklos Horthy, called Micky, the second son of the Hungarian Regent. Young Horthy holds in his hand the paper on which the fateful news is written. Ujszaszi has read the text aloud; now he hands the paper to young Horthy and for a moment silence falls on the little group. For this moment they are in the no-man's-land of conspiracy; each of these four gives himself over to his own thoughts, gives free rein for this one moment to his innermost ambition . . .

The hands of young Horthy tremble with excitement, the paper rustles softly; if this visit becomes reality, then the role of the elder Horthy is played out; so he repeats the reflections which have led him on this path. Can the West work with a man who has stuck by Hitler through thick and thin? They'll look for a new Regent . . . who can that be except Miklos Horthy, Junior?

It is his only possibility of keeping his position, thinks Ujszaszi. His position . . . it has created for him the importance and money that he needs to satisfy the demands of Katalin. He would need them even more, to bind this woman to his side . . . His reflections are uncomplicated, and he steals a glance at his beloved.

Katalin sits motionless in her chair; her fingers play with a costly ring, pull at it incessantly. She has news from Rajk, he is with Marshal Tolbuchin's army, ready to march against Budapest. . what will then become of all those sitting here with her playing at being conspirators? Should Rajk be given news of the plan of the OSS?

And Colonel Gyula Kadar . . This man has the closest ties with the German Wehrmacht, with the top leaders in Berlin, with espionage chief Canaris. He knows the most secret channels into ~~Germany~~ Germany . . a friend of Germany, is he nevertheless assigned to this affair at the command of Horthy, perhaps in order to control Ujszaszi? But Kadar knows that nothing can happen in Hungary without Germany's getting wind of it. The officer corps is friendly to Germany, the man in the street is friendly to Germany, the bourgeois fear the Russians . . . everywhere the Germans have their informers, everywhere their agents. Who can guarantee that they don't already have knowledge of the telegram which Horthy twists in his fingers? His glance flits for an instant toward young Horthy; no, this son is no successor . . they call him "Micky," that tells the whole story. Has Kadar in this instant come to a decision?

As young Horthy starts to speak the four are outwardly again as one; not the shadow of a suspicion lies on their faces to hold him back.

"Conditions are not stated?" he asks.

Ujszaszi shakes his head: "Unfortunately we have played our trumps in the attempts at contact through diplomatic channels. Stockholm and Ankara have passed on word that Hungary wants to withdraw from the war; they have at the same time asked for a notification of the conditions of the cessation of hostilities. I have from the beginning considered this a mistake."

"Can one not," asks Katalin quickly, "threaten with the Russians?"

Colonel Kadar flinches imperceptibly. Ujszaszi casts a warning glance at his mistress. Young Horthy laughs:

"With the Russians? Churchill is getting ready to invade the Balkans. Mont-

gomery's armies can come from Trieste to Budapest in a day's march."

"When," asks Colonel Kadar softly, "when will the negotiator of the OSS arrive here?"

Now it is Katalin's turn to flinch; but her surprise shows only in a flash from her blue-green eyes, in a vertical crease in her white brow. What's the story with this Kadar? she thinks, while Ujszaszi answers:

"In March . . ."

"In March," repeats Horthy junior, "we must communicate this to Miklos-Dalnoki, he is our man to be relied upon."

Miklos-Dalnoki, thinks Katalin steadily, Miklos-Dalnoki; he is in command in the North, will put out the first feelers with the Russians . . . she thinks ahead, as Horthy and Kadar take their leave. And as Ujszaszi draws near to her, as his amorous lips whisper tender words, she says thoughtfully:

"When do you think Tolbuchin will reach the Carpathians?"

"For God's sake," bursts out the man, "what consequences would that have!"

"Not everyone who sees the consequences is a Bolshevik," declares the woman enigmatically.

Forty-eight hours after this meeting a detailed report arrives at the office of the Gestapo in Budapest, a report in which was revealed even this parting flourish with which Katalin intimated her cooperation with the Russians. Is this the circumstance which later brought about her arrest? Did she denounce herself, in order to get hold of an alibi for "afterwards," or had one of her many enemies access to her home? On this same day Hitler learned of the connection with the American colonel and of his planned visit to Budapest. Hitler acted with lightning speed to prevent Hungary's withdrawal from the war. In March of 1944 Horthy went to Schloss Klessheim near Salzburg; when he returned on March 19, German shock troops were already in possession of all the strategic points of the capital. It is worth noting that these troops were heartily greeted by the Hungarian populace; the shower of blooms with which they

were greeted is easy to understand, because the Hungarians saw this incursion of the Germans as proof of the decision to defend the Carpathian area. Horthy presided behind the scenes in the Palace; the former Hungarian ambassador to Berlin, General Sztojai, took over the regime. Under his leadership the General Staff took precautionary measures to defend Hungary along the Carpathians.

By the morning of the entry of the German troops Katalin Karady had disappeared from her villa. No one knew where she could be found . . . and the German authorities had no luck when an order for the actress' arrest was issued. She had disappeared . . . gone underground into one of those twilight quarters between the West and East Bahnhof, which, from past days, she knew like the palm of her hand.

But when it appeared that there were to be no mass-arrests, Karady left her hideout. She even dared to call at the Nadorstrasse; but when in the evening the expected visit of Ujszaszi did not occur, she became uneasy. Not until late at night was she awakened; Ujszaszi!

"What's happened? Arrested?"

"Yes and no! Horthy has ordered Kadar and me to remain on our honor in the Nadorstrasse."

"That's just like him. Now he's afraid of his own courage!"

"Oh no! It's the best means of protecting me from the Gestapo. I won't be in want for anything, I can come to you when I want to . . . only not so openly! And . . . don't call! The Gestapo is also perched in the Nadorstrasse!"

"What now? We're paralyzed. . . and the American's visit has become pointless!"

Katalin had heard enough; was it in this conversation with Ujszaszi that a new plan was born in this woman . . . the plan whose execution later earned her the sobriquet of "Partisan of Love?" She succeeded in goading Ujszaszi to further action; but it was impossible for Ujszaszi to get through to Bern the telegram she wanted sent. A few days later, when Ujszaszi secretly leaves the Nadorstrasse again, he has to confess the ineffectiveness of his efforts. But Katalin Karady is not at all moved; she apparently

lays her cards face up on the table as she remarks with a cold smile:

"Then . . . go to Colonel Hatszeghy in Ankara."

"Hatszeghy? The military attaché?"

"The same . . . he works with the OSS in Bern!"

Ujszaszi hesitates a moment; this woman is playing a game, whose magnitude surpasses his imagination. He is silent; the chief of the State Central Security, who remains on his honor in the Nadorstrasse, is already drawn too far into the web spun by the Partisan of Politics and Love to be able to wriggle out! And the next day a courier, furnished with all the Regent's plans, goes to Ankara; and a few weeks later Horthy holds decisive news in his hand: the Western powers send word that Hungary, in conformity with the agreement among the allies, belongs to the sphere of influence of the Soviet Union; the Hungarian regime should therefore first of all confer with Moscow . . .

Katalin knows about this news; she no longer has to wait for this hour for which she has slowly but systematically prepared.

from the Western allies

First of all the news/that Hungary belongs to the Soviet sphere of influence has the opposite effect on Regent Horthy than the Karady circle had expected. Horthy now decides to fight through to the finish the war against the Soviet Union on the side of Germany. He consents to the defense of the whole Carpathian area, to the complete mobilization of the Hungarian reserves . . . It is this unexpected turn which decides Karady to take matters into her own hands, when she leaves Budapest for a few weeks. Despite the war it is not difficult to get to Debrecen; here, in the Slovakian hills, in the northeast Carpathians, is stationed General Miklos-Dalnoki, commander of the First Hungarian Army. Over yonder, between Tarnopol and Stanislau, General Field Marshal von Manstein has again driven back the Red Army with powerful blows; but to the south, on the open flank of the German front, the Soviet General Petrov has succeeded in reaching the Carpathians. It was the staff of this General Petrov to which Miklos-Dalnoki had put out a feeler; later he referred to a secret command of the Regent . . . but was it a genuine command from the Regent, or were

the orders which Miklos-Dalnoki obeyed arranged by Katalin Karady?

For not only did the staff officer of General Miklos-Dalnoki cross the fronts; when he returned, another man crossed the Hungarian front, a man whose arrival in Budapest Karady had momentarily awaited. Back in her villa in Budapest she received this man, with whose arrival in the Hungarian capital the final act of the tragedy of the country begins: Laszlo Rajk!

Laszlo Rajk had barely arrived in Budapest by the quickest route before an event occurred which fell unexpectedly and with crushing force upon Horthy and caused him to make a complete right-about face: the Bucharest putsch against the German Wehrmacht!

On the 6th of June the invasion of France began, and its success lost the war for Germany. On July 20 followed the attempt on Hitler's life; then with the fall of Rumania on August 23, 1944, the southeastern front in Middle Europe collapsed. Horthy decided to come to terms with Russia. He set up a military regime under the leadership of General Geza Lakatos and received Ujszaszi on the same evening.

"Can you" (the former members of the Austro-Hungarian Army used the familiar "du" form of address in private with members of the Hungarian Wehrmacht), "can you establish contact with the resistance movement . . and with the Russians?"

It was hard for old Horthy to take this step; Ujszaszi sensed this; he also senses the paradox of this request! He is still Horthy's prisoner, he is still considered an enemy of Hungarian Communism . . he is silent, and then Horthy continues:

"Micky has told me something. ." Does Ujszaszi know that Rajk is already in Budapest? Does he see here the way to hoist himself into the saddle again? He answers Horthy's question in the affirmative; and on the same evening two men face each other in Karady's villa, one of whom had persecuted and hunted the other. It is this day in the late summer of 1944 for which the career of Karady under the red regime had most securely been prepared. For Rajk, most accurately informed by Katalin, knew

how far he could go when he proposed his conditions. They were not simple, these conditions of a man who officially was still wanted by the police . . . by the one to whom he now stated his conditions. They read:

1. Immediate reception by Horthy.
2. Toleration of the organization of the underground movement on the part of the police.
3. Breaking off of all relations by Hungary with the Western allies.

Ujszászi consented unhesitatingly! Laszlo Rajk was secretly received by Horthy in the Regent's Palace. . and from this day on the villa in the Parasetterstrasse became the center of an underground conspiracy, with Karady the fire and flame of the agitation. The first two conditions of Rajk are quickly met . . but will the third also be fulfilled? And how will the actress make out in the affair?

(To be continued)

Picture captions

p. 8. The Kettenbrücke (the Chain Bridge) is one of the most striking landmarks of the Hungarian capital. When it was built, the builder committed suicide, because he had forgotten to give any tongues to the lions which hold the chains in their mouths. It leads to the Burgberg (below) under which a tunnel was constructed to carry the street railway to the other side of the Burgberg. The Royal Palace was the seat of government of the Regent. Here Horthy was arrested in 1944 by the action of Skorzeny. As he had to admit later, it was lucky for him; for thereby he did not fall into Russian hands.

p. 9. General Miklos-Dalnoki, commander of the First Hungarian Army, who because of his incompetence suffered terrible losses. In spite of this Miklos-Dalnoki was honored with the Ritterkreuz. He succeeded in shifting the blame for the breakdown onto the German High Command. In the Carpathian area he undertook negotiations with the Russians and after Horthy's removal from office took over his staff and secretary.

p. 13. Katalin Karady after her arrival in Salzburg. Her flight from Budapest was the year's sensation in Austria. To the journalists who interrogated her, she told an interesting story, although no evidence of its actuality was given. Did Katalin Karady infiltrate into the West? The former career of the "Red Star of Budapest" does not exclude this possibility.

Note: The translated material is evidently the second part of a continued series of articles.

Partisan of Love - Partisanin der Liebe abz, Feb. 10, 1952
 Tibor Revay

3. Continued

The tragedy of Hungary, handed over by the Western allies to the Russian "sphere of interest," had mighty stage managers: Laszlo Rajk, who mobilized Budapest's underground movement and who was condemned as a "Titoist" in 1949 after "true" confessions, and Katalin Karady, leading agent of the Hungarian Security Service, who forced the leadership of the kingdom into the hopeless capitulation to the Russian Army. She outsmarted and survived all her colleagues and backers, only to change front suddenly at the height of her fame and power in postwar Budapest and go over to the West. The crucial question still remains open: what role will this woman begin in America?

In the early morning hours of the 10th of October, 1944, the commandant of the city of Budapest, Field Marshal Lt. Bakay, was taken by the Gestapo as he was entering the Ritz Hotel. Thus began the action of SS Lieutenant Colonel Otto Skorzeny on the refutation of the Hungarian declaration of capitulation, which Horthy had prepared for the 20th of October. Horthy was summoned to the Burg and moved with his family to Germany; this fate kept the old man from being taken by the Russians and sent to Siberia. General Veress-Dalnoki, who commanded the Second Hungarian Army in Siebenbürgen, was also seized; on the other hand, it was not possible to capture General Miklos-Dalnoki in the Carpathians. He, with his secretary, escaped to the Russians on the 15th of October.

The remark of Kadar, that the Germans would be informed about all proceedings in Hungary, had proved to be true; the movement toward capitulation by Hungarian officialdom was nipped in the bud on that day. The figure of Micky, Horthy's son, appears in connection with this manifestation of German interference.

When Micky had heard of the presence of Laszlo Rajk, he asked Karady to arrange a meeting for him with the Communist leader. The meeting took place in the actress' villa . . . certainly Horthy Junior did not gain much from it. Already Laszlo Rajk's influence had become so great that

he categorically refused even to think of a vice-regency for the young Horthy. The meeting turned out to be fruitless, or rather, it did bring about the result that the little singer from the Westbahnhof in the meantime became the most powerful woman in Budapest. From now on there was no political movement which Katalin did not take part in, and all Hungary in these days danced attendance upon her.

When young Horthy had left the villa, Rajk laughed aloud; the erstwhile gymnasium professor already considered himself to be the coming man in the country.

"You laugh," said Katalin, "but you're not yet at the helm. The Germans will hoist the Pfeilkreuzlers into the saddle before long."

"My brother Andreas is top man in the Pfeilkreuzlers." Rajk grinned again. Later he was to regret his lack of foresight; when he was tried in 1949 for "Titoism," this circumstance and this utterance carried decisive weight in the wording of the accusation against him. But today and for several more years he is to trust Katalin; so he laughs, and asks, still laughing:

"What shall we do with him. . . ?" He motions with his thumb toward the departing guest.

"The Germans. . ." says Katalin, thoughtfully.

"The Germans . . what . .?"

"I mean . . the Germans will keep close watch on him. ."

Rajk stares at the woman; her look tells him what lies behind these harmless words.

On the next day General Ujszaszi informed young Horthy that the Hungarian Secret Service in Gykenyes kept an agent on the Croatian border, who had an understanding with Tito. If Rajk refused help, possibly one could by this means treat directly with Tolbuchin (Soviet Marshal Tolbuchin commanded the Red Army in Serbia).

Young Horthy greedily seized the ball; the rash young man still believed in his destiny as future regent. He authorized his friend Bornemisza, director of the Hungarian Donauhafen Company and agent of the German industrial family Thyssen, to make contact with Tito through the agents in Gyekenyes. The agent was called Marty; was it known to Karady and to Ujszaszi, that Marty was at the same time agent for the German Abwehr? Both the men, who shortly after the seizure of Field Marshall Bakay on the 13th of October, 1944, were announced to young Horthy as envoys from Tito, were Austrian SS officers. They met with Horthy and Bornemisza in the office of the Donauhafen Company near the Danube quay; they were commissioned to arrest young Horthy without fail! But they could not execute this commission; without any warning the regent himself appeared in company with his son. The senior Horthy begins to speak, and his accent is most endearingly Austrian as he says:

"Please, tell Marshal Tito that old Horthy has never in his life been a Nazi. Can the Marshal now demand of me that I should become a Communist in my old age?"

Both the (false) Tito negotiators were unable to remain serious in the face of this situation; they broke out into shouts of laughter. But the two Horthys felt the laughter of the gloomy partisans of Tito to be conciliatory and reassuring; so they made a new appointment for the 15th of October. This was the day on which Skorzeny stepped in and brought about the arrest of young Horthy .. the man who wanted to be the second regent was disposed of.

After these events in October the actual power in the country passed into the hands of the German Wehrmacht; nominally the head of the Pfeilkreuzler, Szalaszi, became head of the regime. Karady was arrested, but, as so often happens in the history of espionage, she succeeded in making a favorable impression upon her captors. She received news un-

interruptedly from outside. General Ujszaszi was arrested; he would never see his beloved again, for his freedom a half year later lasted only a few days . . . then the Russians imprisoned him again. Laszlo Rajk was arrested; but he had predicted it and was set free on Christmas of 1944; his brother Andreas had become Secretary of State under the Pfeilkreuzler movement. Rajk is already the real ruler in certain suburbs . . . and of course, the troops of Malinowsky and Tolbuchin are just ~~now~~ outside Budapest.

The Second Hungarian Army had not succeeded in gaining the Carpathian and Transsylvania Alps before the Russians. Malinowsky's Red troops in October had reached the Iron Gate by forced marches and had succeeded in breaking through the natural barrier formed by the Carpathians. So Friessner's division no longer possessed freedom of movement; instead of relying on the shelter of the hills Friessner had to defend himself against the overwhelmingly superior numbers of Malinowsky, Tolbuchin, Jakowlew and Petrow on the open Hungarian plains.

The struggle of the hemmed-in garrison was anguished and heroic. German and Hungarian units and volunteer Pfeilkreuzlers battled around each apartment block, each quarter of the streets. In the chaos of the besieged city the Communist underground movement, which Laszlo Rajk had organized with the help of Karady, rendered excellent service to the attackers. By means of flash signals Communist partisans directed the fire of the Russian artillery upon the specially fortified points of the city. Rajk's organization carried out acts of sabotage according to exact plans, rendering the work of the defenders increasingly difficult. Still, if the attackers were ruthless, the defenders were no less so. Houses were blown up to furnish firing ranges; if a spy was found in a house, dozens of the inhabitants were unceremoniously lined up and shot. How Katalin Karady weathered these last two months has not been clearly determined. If she was still held in prison, she

might well not have lived through them, for the bitterness of the defending Hungarians was boundless. Did she succeed in getting out and fleeing to Rajk? She herself is silent concerning these days, in order not to be suspected of collaborating with Rajk; and possibly she had left Budapest altogether and gone to General Miklos-Dalnoki, who was heading the first regime to be set up by the Russians, in Debrecen. At any rate, she emerged again in the city in the early days of February immediately before the fall of Budapest . . lovely, soignée, elegant as ever.

On the 19th of January Budapest's Ostbahnhof fell; it had been defended by German and Hungarian volunteers, including fifteen-year-olds, with unparalleled tenacity. Now the old city of Buda made a last resistance, until Tolbuchin on the 7th of February took the Burgberg. The revenge of the Russians, who had suffered unbelievable losses, was frightful; they recognized no code of war or law. In the Gellert Hotel, which had been converted into a hospital and in which several thousand wounded soldiers were housed, they behaved as if in the Crimea. They sprayed the rooms of the building with benzine, blockaded all the doors, and set it on fire. None of the wounded survived. As though that were not enough, most of the prisoners in Budapest were shot or flattened by Russian tanks.

Not only the Gellert Hotel was reduced to a heap of smoking ruins. The elegant hotels on the Pest bank of the Danube stared through blank shattered windows upon the ice-covered Danube. The charming baroque palaces around the royal castle formed an impersonal mass of ruin and stone. The famous chain bridge was blown up; its giant steel chains hung slack in the water. The cherished Margaret Island presented a picture of a moon landscape, with bomb craters in the tennis courts, polo fields and flying fields.

That was Budapest; when the victors completed their entry and where now the phase of denunciations and deportations began. Whoever had not at the right time allied himself with the Moscow-arranged series of insurrections and putsches now felt the weight of revenge; there were no punishments, it was a matter of life. . . and no appeal or alliance with the West was of help. Whoever escaped the Communist terror commandos or was not killed by some other means, ended up in Siberia. That was the end of the Hungarian leadership which had believed it could save itself by going over at the last minute to the Russians.

One of the first to be deported to Siberia was the head of the State Central Security, Istvan Ujszaszi. General Veress-Dalnoki, former commander of the Second Hungarian Army, shared his fate. Miklos-Dalnoki, still chief of the Debrecen regime, was taken as early as 1945 and died in 1948 shortly before the beginning of a "purge trial" against him. Horthy Junior owed his life to evacuation by the Germans, while no trace was found of Colonel Kadar.

Yet while so many stars were sinking, the star of Katalin Karady rose again to dizzying heights.

(To be continued)

Captions

p. 7. The monument of King Stephan in Budapest symbolizes the myth of the Crown of Stephan in commemoration of the Christianizing of the Magyars. Since that time the Kingdom of Hungary belonged to the circle of cultural influence of the West, until this epoch came to an end early in 1945 when the Red Army overran Budapest. The defenders of the Stephan cult, the old Hungarian nobility, paid for treason in the midst of the war with the loss of the government.

Page 8. While the Bolshevik forces of Tolbuchin neared the Hungarian capital from Lake Balaton and Malinowski's army approached from the Iron Gate, Budapest in the beginning of 1945 was in a state of siege. Laszlo Rajk (right) had formed the underground movement, and acts of sabotage and terrorism harassed the population and hindered the opposing forces of the German-Hungarian defense. The loveliest city of Europe began its dance of death. When Tolbuchin set up his artillery at the foot of the Burgberg in order to shell the far bank of the Danube, the stately buildings on both sides of the river sank into rubble.

Page 9. Last Regent of the Hungary of the West: Nikolaus von Horthy (above)Regent Nikolaus von Horthy was the representative of the Hungarian gentry who in 1944, tired of war, began to negotiate with the enemy. A meeting with Laszlo Rajk (left), whom Katalin Karady had smuggled through the front with the negotiators of the First Hungarian Army, opened up the negotiations with the Russians. The affair ended with Horthy's involuntary departure to Salzburg, the brief interregnum of the Pfeilkreuzler regime and the entry of the Russian armies, by means of whose bayonets Laszlo Rajk seized power - only to be thrown out of the Communist party three years later, condemned as Trotzky's agent and finally executed.

Page 13. Shattered lie the famous lions in the ruins of the Budapest Chain Bridge, whose silhouette in the gleam of the night lights used to frame the picture of the city. In the battles of 1944/45 Budapest's landmarks were destroyed; the heavy steel supports hung slack in the icy water of the Danube. The bridge has since been restored. It was dedicated with parades and ceremonies. But it leads a different life than formerly - Budapest has changed its face.

Partisan of Love - Partisanin der Liebe abz, Feb. 17, 1952
Tibor Revay

4. Continuation and Conclusion

Laszlo Rajk, with whom Katalin Karady had organized the revolt and the resistance, took over the ministry which in all lands, at all times and under all systems guarantees direct power, because it is lodged in the executive: the Ministry of the Interior. As first Interior Minister following the accession of the Communist regime Laszlo held the decision of life or death for hundreds of thousands in his hand. A nod from him sufficed to have anyone arrested . . . a verdict not to be questioned. But . . . how is it possible to speak with Laszlo Rajk, to submit a "case" directly to Laszlo Rajk?

There is only one way which holds out any hope of success . . . and this way leads through the antechamber, the intercession, the favor of the old fellow-combatant of Laszlo Rajk, the actress Katalin Karady. Whoever knows how to win over this woman, possesses a pass into the inside of the Communist regime. Her word was law on the Budapest radio, in the cultural life of Hungary; feared, admired, envied, she possessed many admirers, and in secret many friends.

But what does power mean in a state, which must first consolidate itself again after such convulsions? Where is the true power, who represents it? Laszlo Rajk is Interior Minister; but this man is a fanatic, an idealist with the habits of an ascetic, a man made hard by bitter sufferings. The eyes of Katalin sight the new holders of power; before she definitely decides whom to turn to, there appears in Budapest a man sent from Stalin himself, to settle the internal differences of the Hungarian Communists; Marshal Woroschilow, Stalin's friend and crony.

Klim Woroschilow, the "first Red officer and marshal," has belonged for 25 years to those men of Moscow who stand next to Stalin. It was not difficult to gather news and gossip concerning this man, when his visit became known; every soldier in the Red Army knew how fond Woroschilow was of a "little drink" . . . and how little either his statesmanlike qualities or strategic gifts had in them of the unusual.

At the reception at the Burg, which was given in Woroschilow's honor and which brought together all the dignitaries of the Red regime, Katalin Karady was of course among those present. She is awaiting her big moment; she knows how she will act when this moment comes. And this moment comes, when people are later sitting together in a small circle and Woroschilow begins to drink and grow expansive.

"Tell us something about your experiences in mountain fighting on the Southern Front," Katalin tosses this bait coquettishly into the conversation. She hits the mark she has aimed at; Woroschilow's fame had begun at that time, and he can tell more about these years than about "the second imperialist war," in which he, put on the shelf and left to cool his heels, had to watch how others led the Red armies and fought Stalin's battles.

Woroschilow talked amusingly and endlessly; his eyes kept wandering toward this highbred-looking Hungarian woman who is his most attentive listener. When he paused after an hour or so, Karady remarked casually, "The Marshal really has the stature of all great commanders-in-chief. . ."

Woroschilow looked up and a questioning glance was intercepted by the woman, who calmly continued:

"Well . . . Caesar, Suworow, Napoleon, they were all forceful, thick-set, of medium height . . ."

That is the secret sorrow of Woroschilow: he is precisely one meter seventy-eight centimeters tall! While the interpreter is translating,

his eyes suspiciously seek those of the woman, but he finds there so much respect, so much admiration . .

On this day Karady adds to her many powerful connections the most important and most powerful. The former beloved of General Ujszaszi becomes the trusted friend of the Red Marshal.

Certainly a woman like Katalin Karady is not only adaptable and clever . . she is indeed industrious, and what she lacks in ability, she seeks to make up for by application. She learns Russian, in order to be able to sing on the Budapest radio the songs of the Russian Revolution, and she gets holds of the best possible teacher for this ; on her own she could have successfully presented neither the speech nor the songs of the Soviets. And as she once broadcast the song of Tibor Polgar, so now her voice makes the Russian songs popular and well-known; all Hungary hears how this slight but dark voice, with its glowing erotic timbre, sings the song of the Red Army to Stalin:

"Forward into battle for the Fatherland,

Into battle for Stalin!

Our good horses stamp with their hooves . ."

Budapest groans these days under reparations and the change in economic life from private to Communist form. The tables of Budapest, once so well provided for, are now scantily set; the inhabitants look shabbily dressed and the Slavic headkerchief seems to dominate the streets teeming with people, where just as in Russia the streetcars are crammed to bursting every hour of the day. The demeanor of the people of Budapest is unhappy and without lust for life, Slavic fatalism and a Far Eastern resignation to one's lot have taken possession of the erstwhile fun-loving Magyars, those seekers of conversation, wine and pleasure.

So in this former capital of elegance the occasional elegance which a few privileged ones can display presents a strange appearance. No normal inhabitants of Budapest can buy or wear furs, good materials, silks, or jewels; one whirls around in the street when Karady, dressed exclusively, even outlandishly, in Furs and with costly shoes, enters the Red officers' club on the Hill, while her proud, ambitious eyes overlook what the streets have to show: uniforms, beggars, poor "privates," who offer for sale their last bits of household goods.

Her proud, ambitious eyes seemingly ignore all this, but they keep track of everything. They see the internal position of Hungary, which is developing in new directions since the Red Marshal left Moscow. There is Laszlo Rajk, nominally still the first man of Hungary, Interior Minister and head of the police; and there is Matyas Rakoczy, the deputy Minister President and true head of the Hungarian Communist party. Between the two is a close enmity, which stems as much from their basically different characters as from the struggle for power in Hungary. Rakoczy . . . he is the man who languished in Hungarian prisons, from which Horthy got him free in exchange for an old Hungarian banner of the year 1848. Since that time Rakoczy has been waiting in Moscow for his hour . . . who is it now, who possesses Stalin's trust: Laszlo Rajk, whose real name is Reich, or Matyas Rakoczy, whose true name is Roth and to whom Stalin has given a Russian Turk-Tartar emigrée as wife . . . as wife and guarantee of his fidelity to Stalin.

Already the Hungarian party is beginning to split into two camps.

"Isn't Rajk really a German, no true Hungarian?" begins the whispering campaign against the Interior Minister.

"Isn't Roth really a Jew, no true Hungarian?" whisper the supporters of Rajk in retaliation.

"Rajk is a Titoist, a Titoist Fascist," we hear again. "His brother was a Pfeilkreuzler."

"Roth is a Trotzkyist; he was formerly a sympathizer of Trotzky," the others point out.

Slowly it begins to become clear about Rajk: thanks to that secret process by which news spreads uncontrollably under such systems, word gets around: Rakoczy is the man who possesses Stalin's confidence! Katalin Karady has known for a long time which way the game is going which is at stake here, and for a long time she has been a regular guest at Rakoczy's costly villa, where she lays her plans in the circle of those under "Moscow Directives" and directs her glance toward the one on whom everything hinges: Rakoczy himself. Naturally her game doesn't go unobserved; but Natascha, the Turk-Tartar wife of Rakoczy, closes her slant eyes if the two are together. Now the news is that one after another of Rajk's supporters are being picked up; later . . . will the day come when the lovely Katalin will follow her former lover to Siberia . .

For a long time Rajk has been isolated, for a long time his enemies have been collecting material to use in striking the first blow against him, and for a long time Katalin Karady has been feeling reassured because of her relationship with Rakoczy. She still sings over the radio (as a film star she hardly has the opportunity to appear in public), she still plays first fiddle in the Budapest cultural heaven. . then the stone starts to roll from an unexpected direction! In May, 1949, Noel Field, the former agent of the American OSS, accepted an invitation to Prague. As secretary of the Unitarian group he felt safe; no one knew, he believed, of his activity as agent of the American espionage chief Allan Dulles. He was warned at the last moment that for a long time his double role, his espionage activities directed against the

Soviets have been known to the Cominform. Who, thinks Field, could have betrayed him? He shrugs off the warnings, goes to Vienna, to Pressburg. Pressburg already lies behind the Iron Curtain; it is from here that the last news of Noel Field was received . . for the Iron Curtain fell over the fate of this master spy: Noel Field disappeared on the journey from Pressburg to Prague . .

Who betrayed Noel Field? And did his arrest furnish the material needed to complete the case against Rajk? Field disappeared in May of 1949; on the first of October, 1949, Rakoczy made a speech before the "active" of the Budapest district alliance of the Communist Party, in which he concurred with a death sentence against Rajk, the "Titoist," and declared:

"We were utterly dumbfounded, when we learned the extent of Rajk's treason." There was no treasonable act with which Rajk was not accused. Alliance with Cardinal Mindszenty, alliance with Tito, with Noel Field, with Horthy, with - Hitler . . . for was not Rajk in 1945 through the intervention of his Pfeilkreuzler brother let out of prison? But who knew that? (the public asked itself, and whispered: someone from the group closest to Rajk must have betrayed him. .

But the public was silent as it became known that Rajk had "confessed"; the torture methods of the Hungarian police were famed from earlier times. The public reacted with the following anecdote:

The Budapest police chief commissioned an official to find out whether the skeleton in the Hungarian National Museum was really the skeleton of the King of the Huns, Attila, as was claimed on the plaque which hung near it. The official took the skeleton with him to the police station and after several days reported to the police chief with a handful of bone splinters. He laid the splinters on the desk.

"The skeleton is indeed Attila's," he reported.

"How did you find that out?" the police chief wanted to know.

"It made a confession," replied the official, pointing to the pile of bone splinters. So ended Laszlo Rajk . . one of those idealists who are always found in Communist movements and who always sooner or later are liquidated by the cynical bureaucracy of this system. The sentence passed upon Rajk was followed by the "purge" in Hungary of all his supporters; the prisons were filled, and all Hungary heard the voice of Katalin Karady on the radio, singing her songs in the Party demonstrations against Rajk.

For the purge stops short of this woman, who, as always in her career, found her way to the other side at the right time. Or . . are the police only taking a breathing spell, is Natascha Rakoczy waiting for another "twilight of the gods" in order to silence the Red Nightingale? Is it becoming more lonesome for Karady, is it necessary, as it has been so often, to change over to the other side again? For . . what will happen, when Noel Field has "unloaded"?

We are writing about the early part of the year 1950; the voice of Katalin Karady has just now been heard on the Hungarian radio . . then a few days later the lovely partisan of love appears in Austria!

For the past few years the two-hour railroad journey from Budapest to Vienna has no longer been just a trip but an excursion, a popular weekend undertaking, a pleasure tour up the Danube. But now, in the year 1950, almost no legal way up the river is left; the borders are hermetically closed, mined, fenced with wire and closely watched.

But Karady has also taken this hurdle. When she presents herself to the press in Salzburg, she is in the company of the Hungarian radio singer Oliver Lantos, who has fled with her; they are well clothed and Karady is wearing furs and jewels. Naturally they are silent about the

details of the difficult flight. Only hints are given; they let it be known that Russian officers were helpful in getting them through the Iron Curtain and in their escape by a detour through Czechoslovakia to Austria and their crossing unrecognized in Austria the fifty-kilometer deep Russian zone.

However it may be . . again this actress, mediocre in "life" roles but distinguished in "love", succeeded in getting away unharmed and ~~in~~ in reaching the other side at the right time. The Red Star of Budapest was received by the American authorities in Austria with the same attention which was accorded her by the officers of the Red Army. Her name, her role was known.

From Salzburg Katalin Karady betook herself to America; on that side of the ocean the famous "Partisan of Love" hopes for a "comeback" in that role which life has written expressly for her, her first scene determined by the cue which is whispered to her behind the stage-set of politics.

The End.

Caption

Page 9. Woroschilow, the hero of mountain warfare, found in Budapest an attentive listener in Katalin Karady when the Marshal, "on the shelf" during the Second World War, offered his reminiscences.